



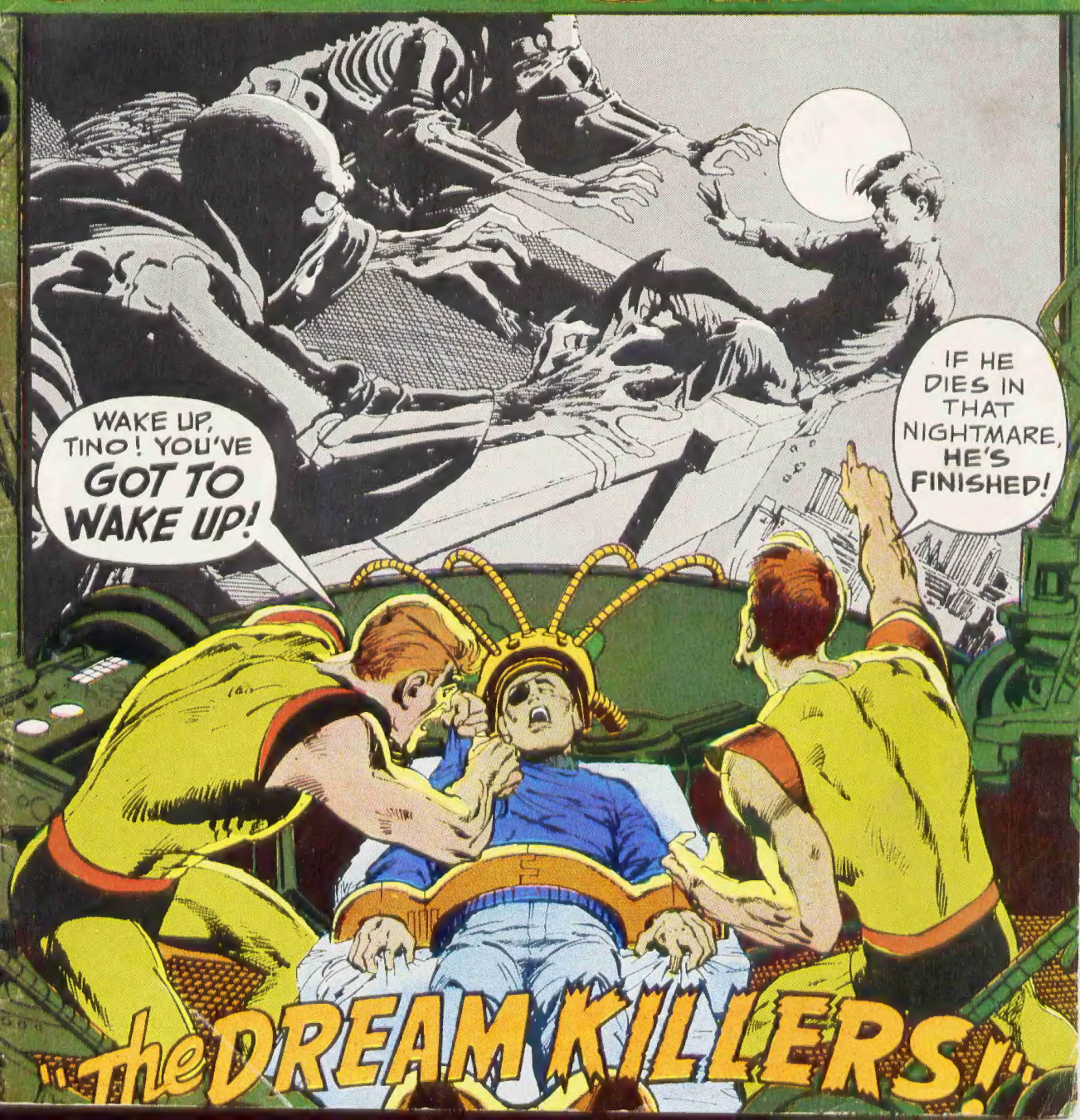
CHALLENGERS

MAY
NO. 67

12¢

OF THE

UNKNOWN



WAKE UP,
TINO! YOU'VE
**GOT TO
WAKE UP!**

IF HE
DIES IN
THAT
NIGHTMARE,
HE'S
FINISHED!

The **DREAM KILLERS!**

"THE DREAM KILLERS!"

FEAR PEERS OUT OF TINO'S RED-RIMMED EYE LIKE A CROAKING VULTURE AS HE'S CONFRONTED BY THE CHALLENGERS...

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO SLEEP! I KEEP ON HAVING THIS NIGHTMARE! WEIRD FIGURES HUNTING ME DOWN! THEY WANT TO KILL ME! I'M NOT... GOING... TO... SLEEP...

BUT YOU'RE DEAD ON YOUR FEET, KID!

LISTEN TO YOUR BROTHER! GO TO SLEEP, TINO! WE'LL STAY WITH YOU! YOU KNOW WE WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU!

OVERCOME BY EXHAUSTION, TINO FALLS INTO A RESTLESS SLEEP...

HERE THEY COME!... THE KILLERS!... THEY'RE AFTER ME!... CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THEM!... THEY'VE GOT KNIVES!



THE BOYS JUST SUFFERING FROM AN OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION!

YEAH, OR MAYBE IT WAS SOMETHIN' HE ATE! I GET THE SAME AFTER PICKLES AN' ICE CREAM!

I DON'T KNOW! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIS ARM!

WITH ALL OF US STANDING RIGHT HERE BESIDE HIM, HIS ARM SUDDENLY BEGAN TO BLEED!

THIS AIN'T NO PHONY! IT'S FOR REAL!

HIS PURSUERS CAUGHT UP-- AND ATTACKED HIM!

WAKE HIM UP! WE'VE GOTTA ROUSE HIM-- BEFORE SOMETHING WORSE HAPPENS!

IN UTTER AMAZEMENT, THE CHALLENGERS STARE AT AN INCREDIBLE PHENOMENON...

ART BY: JACK SPARLING
STORY BY: BOB KANIGHER

CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN, No. 67, Apr.-May, 1969. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd & Dickey Sts., SPARTA, ILL. 62286. Editorial, Executive offices, 909 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Murray Boltinoff, Editor. Carmine Infantino, Editorial Director, 2nd CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT SPARTA, ILL. under the act of March 3, 1879. No subscriptions. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 42 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Copyright © National Periodical Publications, Inc., 1969. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred.

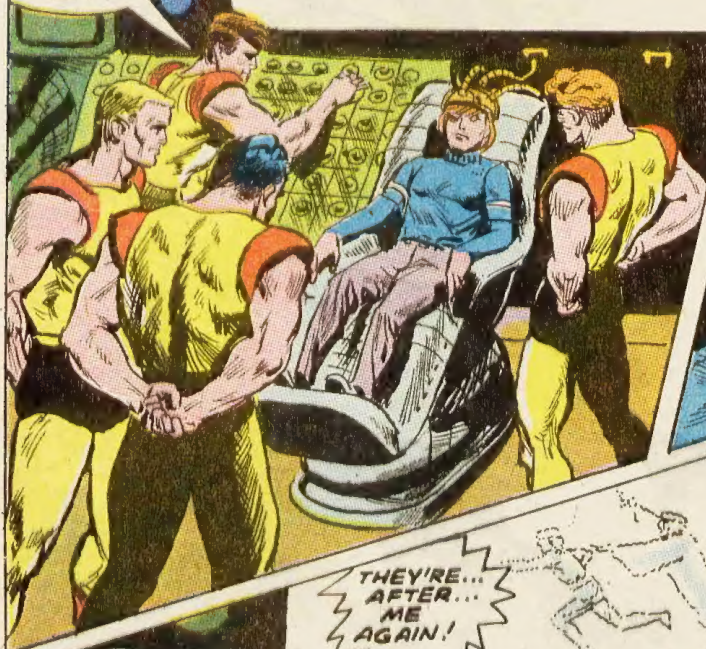
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DESPERATE TO BE FREED OF HIS RECURRENT NIGHTMARE, TINO AGREES TO AN EXPERIMENT IN PROF'S LABORATORY, AND THE NEXT NIGHT...

OUR ONLY CHANCE OF HELPING HIM IS TO FIND OUT WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS WHEN HE GOES TO SLEEP! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A DEVICE THAT TRANSLATES ELECTRICAL IMPULSES FROM A SLEEPER'S BRAIN WAVES INTO ACTUAL PICTURES!

ALL RIGHT, TINO! NOW LET YOURSELF DROP OFF!

I...DON'T...WANT... TO-- BUT...IF...YOU'LL ...HELP...ME, PROF... I'LL... GO...ALONG... WITH...YOU...



MAYBE THEY NEVER WILL! AND MEANWHILE THE KID'S BEING Clobbered!

THEY'RE... AFTER... ME AGAIN!

RELUCTANTLY, TINO DOZES OFF. THE CHALLENGERS WATCH HIM TENSELY, APPREHENSIVELY, WHEN ALL AT ONCE...

IMAGES-- FORMING ON THE SCREEN! THEY'RE HARD TO MAKE OUT! WHAT'S WRONG, PROF?

NOTHING! JUST TAKE IT EASY! THE ELECTRICAL BRAIN WAVES HAVEN'T FORMED INTO PICTURES YET!



SUDDENLY, THE SCREEN COMES ALIVE WITH SPECTRAL SHAPES...

YOU'VE DONE IT, PROF--
ACTUALLY PHOTOGRAPHED
A DREAM WITH MOVING
PICTURES!

YEAH, I GOTTA
HAND IT TO
YOU, GENIUS!

WHILE YOU GUYS
ARE JAWING AND
CLAPPING PROF
ON THE BACK--
THAT'S MY BROTHER
THEY'VE GOT
CORNERED ON
THAT ROOFTOP!



THIS EXPERIMENT'S GONE
FAR ENOUGH! I'M
WAKING THE KID
BEFORE--

ABRUPTLY, THE DREAM IMAGES
FRAGMENTIZE INTO ELECTRICAL
IMPULSES...



GET UP, TINO!
C'MON, BOY--
SNAP TO IT
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!
C'MON, TINO--
COME OUT'VE
IT! WAKE
UP!

I'M...OUT OF IT, RED!
I'M OKAY NOW!

DID YOU SEE
IT? DID YOU
SEE THEM
ALMOST GET
ME? I CAN'T
FALL ASLEEP!

IF I DO--
SOONER
OR LATER--
THEY'LL
GET ME FOR
SURE!

I'VE GOT TO
STAY AWAKE...
EVEN IF IT KILLS
ME!

AND IF YOU GO TO
SLEEP--YOU'RE
SLATED TO GET IT!
EITHER WAY, YOU'RE
FACING A DEAD END!

C'MON, PROF! YOU'RE MISTER
BRAINS! YOU SHOWED US WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN TINO DREAMS!
BUT HAVE YOU GOT A GIMMICK
TO STOP THOSE WEIRDIES FROM
FOLLOWING THROUGH?

I HAVE, RED! I'VE
ALSO BEEN DEVELOPING
AN INTER-HUMAN-
DREAM-TRANSFER!
I HAVEN'T TESTED
IT YET! BUT IF IT
WORKS, I'LL BE ABLE
TO TUNE IN A HUMAN'S
BRAIN WAVES TO A
SLEEPER'S ELECTRICAL
IMPULSES--

-- MAKING IT POSSIBLE
FOR HIM TO ACTUALLY
PARTICIPATE IN THE
SLEEPER'S DREAM!

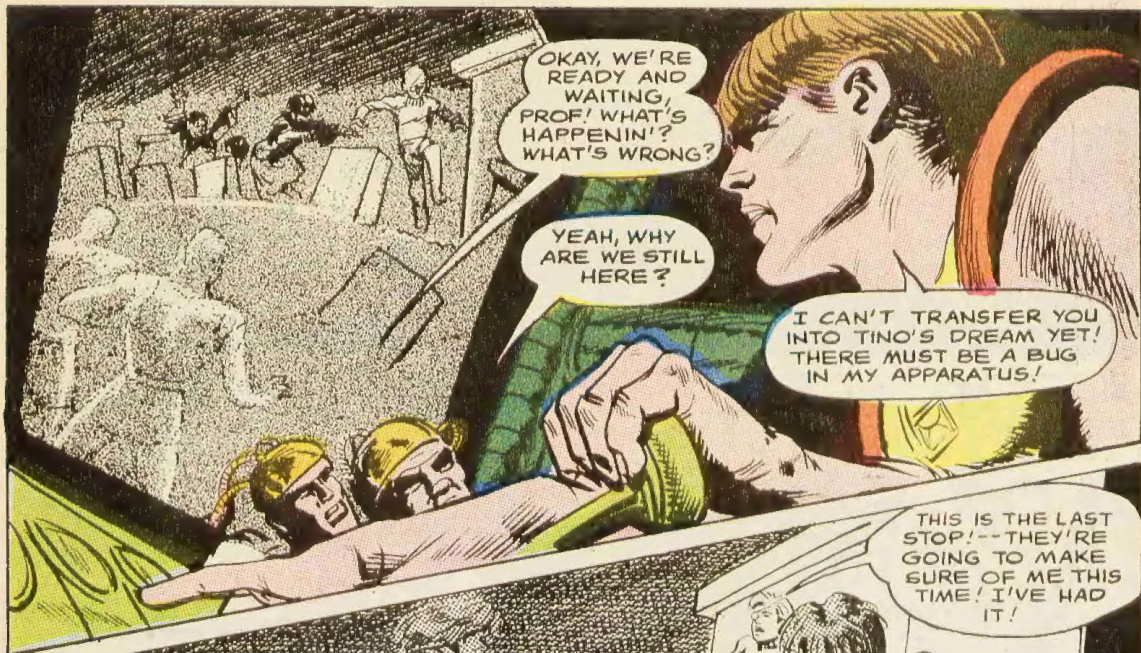
THAT'S IT! THE ONLY
WAY FOR US TO ERADICATE
TINO'S NIGHTMARE IS
BY ENTERING HIS
DREAM--AND DESTROYING
THOSE DREAM KILLERS--
BEFORE THEY PULL THE
CURTAIN DOWN ON HIM!

I'M NOT GOING
UNDER AGAIN! IT'S
ME THEY'RE AFTER!
WHAT IF PROF'S
DREAM TRANSFER
DOESN'T WORK?

YOU'VE GOTTA
TAKE THE
RISK, KID!
IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE TO HELP!
YOU CAN'T FIGHT
OFF SLEEP
FOREVER! AND
WHEN YOU DO,
WE WANT TO BE
THERE WITH YOU!

YIELDING TO THE
PRESSURE OF THE
OTHERS, TOO, TINO FINALLY
AGREES AND PROF WIRES
IN THE CHALLENGERS
TO HIS GRIM EXPERIMENT...

NO MATTER...
WHERE I TURN...
THERE THEY ARE...
AFTER ME!...WHERE
CAN I GO FROM
HERE--EXCEPT
INTO THE GRAVE?



OKAY, WE'RE
READY AND
WAITING,
PROF! WHAT'S
HAPPENIN'?
WHAT'S WRONG?

YEAH, WHY
ARE WE STILL
HERE?

I CAN'T TRANSFER YOU
INTO TINO'S DREAM YET!
THERE MUST BE A BUG
IN MY APPARATUS!

THIS IS THE LAST
STOP!-- THEY'RE
GOING TO MAKE
SURE OF ME THIS
TIME! I'VE HAD
IT!



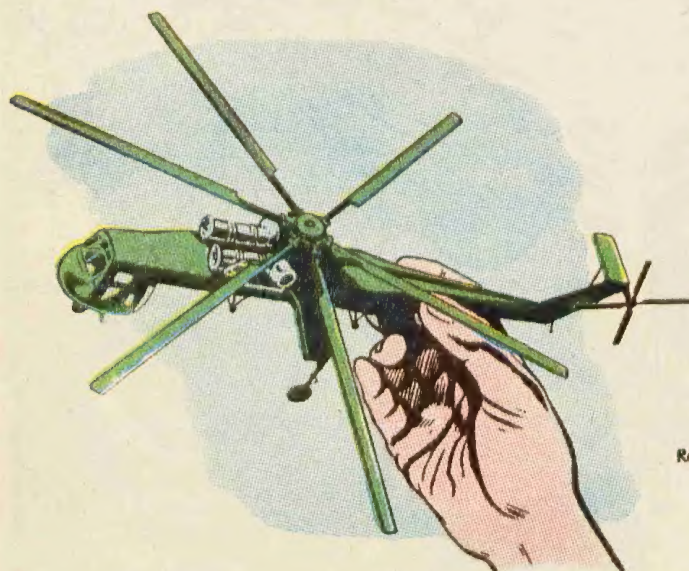
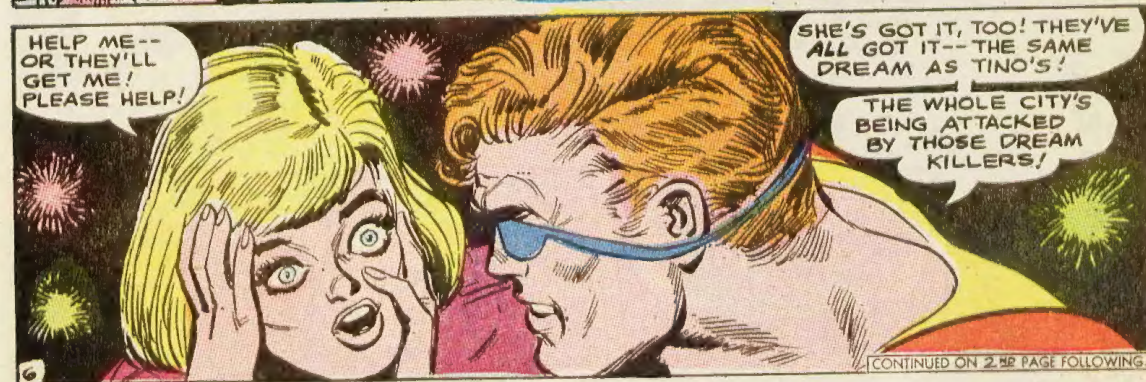
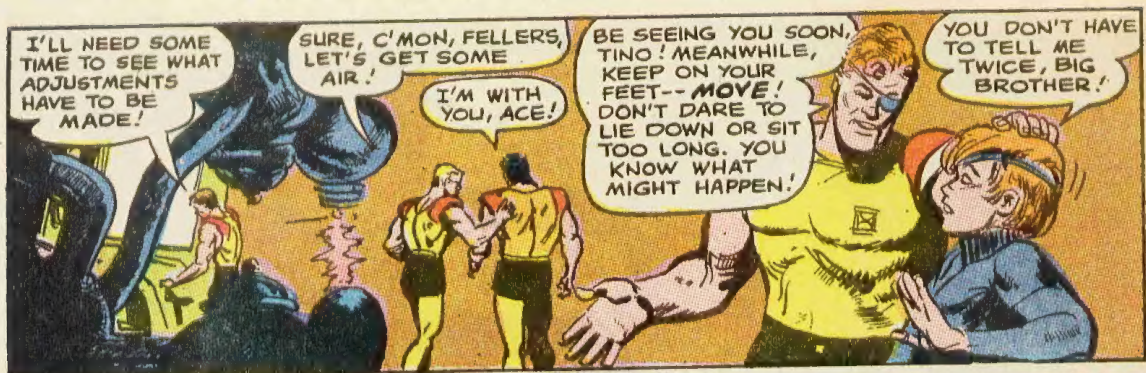
WAKE UP, TINO!
C'MON! YOU'VE GOT
TO WAKE UP! TINO--
IT'S PROF! WAKE
UP!



THAT'S IT, PROF!...
I ALMOST... GOT IT
THAT TIME!...
YOUR DREAM
TRANSFER MACHINE'S
BOMBED! I'M NOT
GONNA LET YOU...
CON ME INTO
FALLING ASLEEP!

YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME
IRON OUT THE WRINKLES!
YOU'LL NEVER BE SAFE--
UNLESS WE STOP THOSE
FINKS HAUNTING YOU!





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Sikorsky CH-54A Skycrane

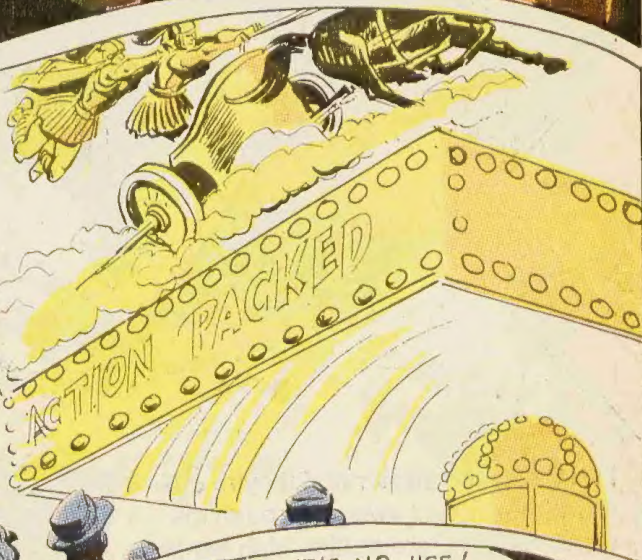
LITTLE BY LITTLE, MORE PEOPLE ARE AFFECTED BY THE DREAD DREAMS, UNTIL FACED WITH THE CRISIS, CITY OFFICIALS TAKE MEASURES TO COUNTER THE WEIRD EVENTS...

HERE YOU ARE! BLACK COFFEE TO KEEP YOU UP!

CAN'T FALL ASLEEP!

I'LL DO ANYTHING-- TO KEEP AWAKE!

FREE EXCITING MOVIES GUARANTEED TO KEEP YOU ON YOUR TOES!



IT'S NO...USE!... I CAN'T KEEP AWAKE ANYMORE--! LET ME DIE--LET... ME...

YES--YES!-- I MUSTN'T FALL ASLEEP AGAIN!-- KEEP MOVING-- KEEP MOVING

WALK, SIR! KEEP YOUR FEET GOIN'!

I--I WANT TO SLEEP... I... I DON'T CARE ANYMORE--!

KEEP WALKING! YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP ON THE MOVE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY NOT TO DOZE OFF!



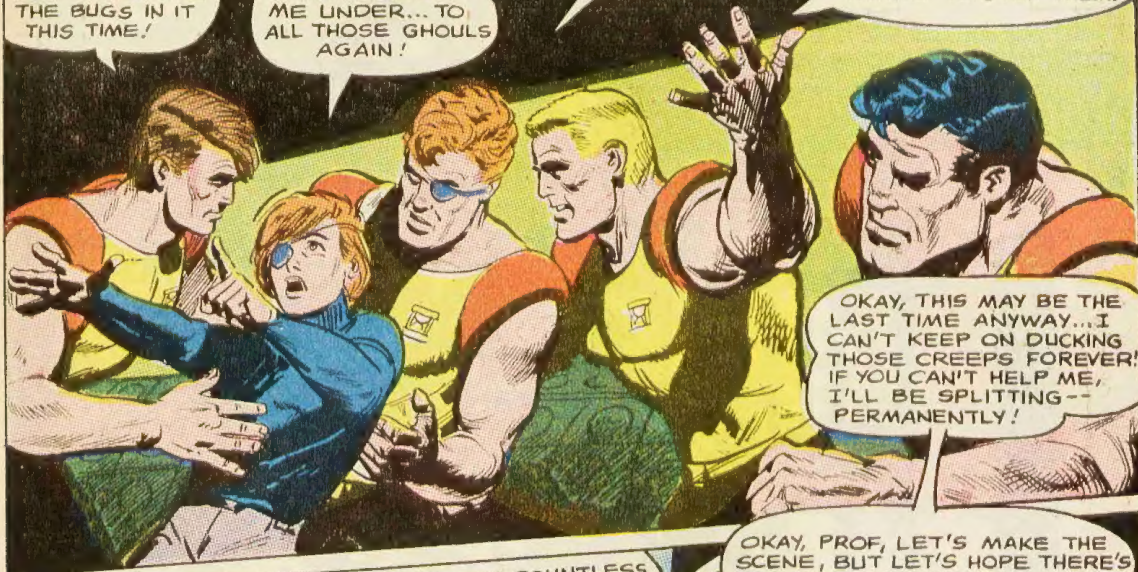
THEN, RETURNING SWIFTLY TO PROF...

MY INTER-HUMAN-DREAM-TRANSFER DEVICE IS READY NOW! I THINK I FLATTENED ALL THE BUGS IN IT THIS TIME!

YOU **THINK!** YOU DON'T KNOW FOR SURE, PROF! YOU'RE NOT GONNA SEND ME UNDER... TO ALL THOSE GHOULS AGAIN!

IT'S NOT ONLY YOU THIS TIME, BOY! THE WHOLE CITY'S ON A SLEEP-STRIKE!

IF THE DREAM KILLERS AREN'T STOPPED, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'LL HAPPEN! YOU'VE **GOT** TO GIVE US THE ONLY CHANCE WE HAVE OF TRYING TO STOP THEM!



OKAY, THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME ANYWAY... I CAN'T KEEP ON DUCKING THOSE CREEPS FOREVER! IF YOU CAN'T HELP ME, I'LL BE SPLITTING-- PERMANENTLY!

I'M YOUR BROTHER, TINO! SURE, THE REST OF US ARE LIVING ON BORROWED TIME, BUT YOU KNOW WE WOULDN'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU!

THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS OTHERS ARE AT STAKE! YOU OWE IT TO THEM-- AS WELL AS YOURSELF!

OKAY, PROF, LET'S MAKE THE SCENE, BUT LET'S HOPE THERE'S NO MISTAKE --OR IT'LL BE **MY LAST!**



PLEASE... DON'T LET ME FAIL AGAIN!



LET'S CHAT WITH THE CHALLS

Dear Editor:

The recent improvements in CHALLENGERS have caused one naturally to ponder many questions, the most cogent being, what will next be done to make this already good comics mag even better? To anybody perusing the pages of the other mags in the DC line, the answer seems obvious as new writers, new artists, even new editors move into prominence.

Among the new writers who have recently emerged from the depths of fan limbo is Mike Friedrich, who has written stories for almost everybody since beginning his professional career in May of 1967, but who has yet to grace the pages of CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN. Mike's nimble imagination is well suited for such a zine with his background in action strips such as "Batman," which he has been somewhat agaga over since infancy, and "Flash."

If you crave a suggestion, then, on how to improve CHALLENGERS, then I say, assign Mike Friedrich a script. You'll be doing the whole comics world a favor, not to mention Mike who needs the money to support his Volkswagen.

Guy H. Lillian, 3rd., Berkeley, Calif.

Having viewed Mike's masterful contributions to "Batman" and "Flash," we did assign him a CHALLENGERS chore. The result was evident in "Rendezvous with Revenge," which was CHALLENGERS No. 66's book-length bombshell. With such an auspicious debut behind him, Mike confides that he is trying to find time, between his studies at California's University of Santa Clara and tinkering with his jalopy, to pen a sequel. For fans who wanted to know more about Mike, we asked him to send us some pertinent data. Here is his brief bio:

Dear Editor:

Seven long years ago, a 13-year-old kid who ran around with my name went ecstatic when, for the first time, he saw his name in print. The occasion was CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN No. 29. You had just officially taken over the editorship of the magazine and had asked for letters. In this particular issue, you were printing your first batch and you had placed my name among a list of those who had sent "interesting comments."

This public recognition of my writing ability spurred me on to more serious efforts. I became quite proficient at it, having some 50-odd missives printed before I graduated to letters of much greater length. Despite the fact that so much has happened to me since that first, minimal credit line—even the drug store where I bought the mag has long since been torn down and replaced by one of our famous California freeways—the feeling of excitement still remains with me.

Mid-1967 brought to me, after many disappointing rejections, my first check for a comics mag script. Since then, I squeezed in two most exciting Summers and a little part-time work during college by writing the exploits of many of the DC line of heroes. Up until then, my bag was pretty much the costumed super-hero bit: a couple of "Batman" stories, "Green Lantern," "Teen Titans," "Spectre/Wildcat."

Now, something new, and yet so familiar, came my way—the CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN. I was kinda apprehensive about writing for such a tough book, but I gave it the old "I-can-only-get-shot-down-for-it" and you and I worked out what I consider to be a very good story. I was pleased by my first venture into the weird-fantasy-sorcery type story. Hopefully, I can continue.

So my name once again returned to CHALLENGERS, this time in the by-lines as well as the lettercol. I can't honestly admit to the same excitement as the first time—does anything ever match the first exhilarating moment?—but I am quite proud. And just think, on this very page in one of your past or future issues may be the name of someone like myself years ago who is seeing it for the first time in publication and may repeat my performance. Best of luck to him and all the others who will share this feeling. Thanks for the soapbox.

Mike Friedrich, Santa Clara, Calif.

Address all mail to:
CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN
National Periodicals
909 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

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1. Date of Filing: October 1st, 1968.
2. Title of Publication: CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN
3. Frequency of Issue: Bi-Monthly.
4. Office of Publication: 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
5. Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher, National Periodical Publications, Inc., 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022; Editor, Murray Boltinoff, 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022; Managing Editor, None.
7. Owner: National Periodical Publications, Inc., 575 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, wholly owned by Kinney National Service, Inc. 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10020, a publicly held corporation.
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9. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates. (Inapplicable).
10. Extent and nature of circulation:

A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run):

B. Paid Circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales:

2. Mail subscriptions:

C. Total Paid Circulation:

D. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means:

E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D):

F. Office Use, Left-Over, Unaccounted, Spoiled After Printing:

G. Total (Sum of E and F—should equal net press run shown in A):

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166,000
450
166,450
386
166,836
150,164
317,000

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of Single Issue
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202,000
356
202,356
386
202,742
147,258
350,000

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. BERNARD KASHDAN, Business Manager.

SUDDENLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE CHALLENGERS ARE HURLED FULL-FORCE INTO TINO'S NIGHTMARE...

WE MADE IT!
WE'RE IN
THE DREAM!

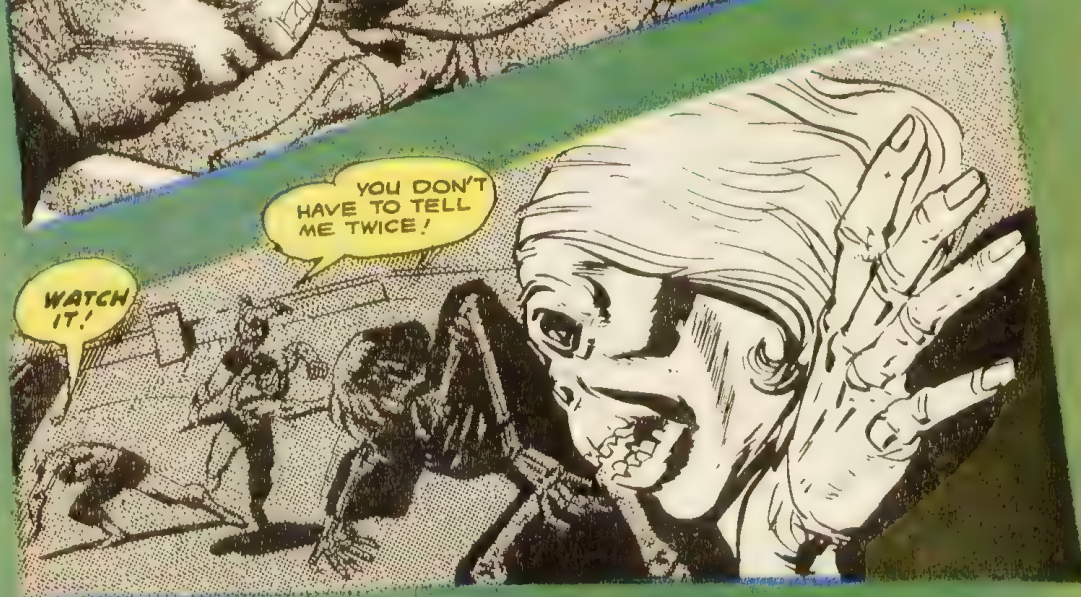
LOOK! - THE KID'S
CORNERED!

HE'S RUN OUT OF ROOF! WE'VE GOTTA
GET TO HIM BEFORE THEY MAKE HIM
TAKE A DIVE!

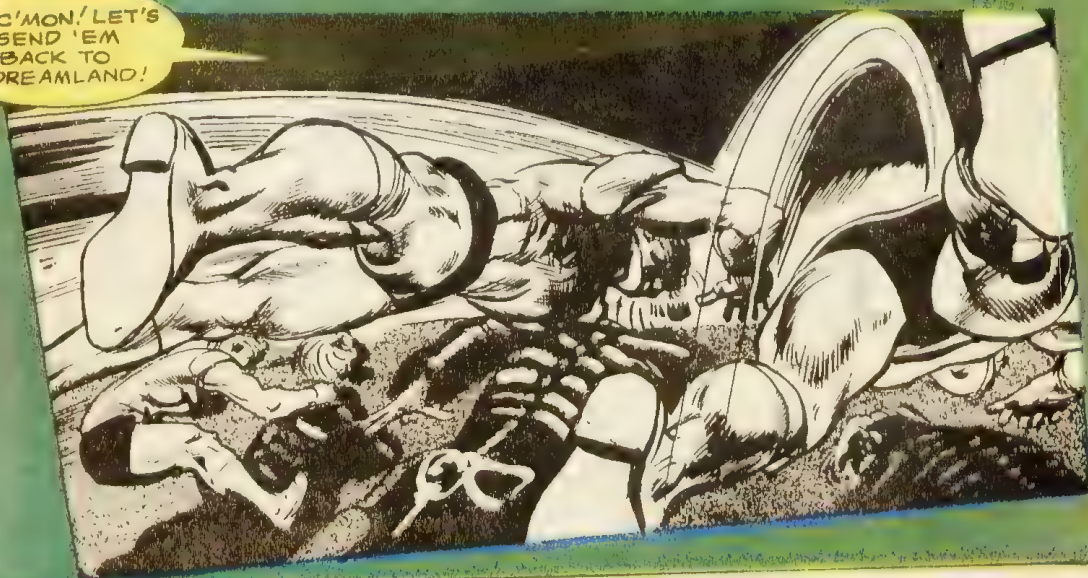


YOU DON'T
HAVE TO TELL
ME TWICE!

WATCH
IT!



C'MON! LET'S
SEND 'EM
BACK TO
DREAMLAND!



IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU CATS SHOWED
UP! I WAS
BEGINNING TO
THINK I WAS
ON THE EDGE OF
THE LEDGE!

YOU SHOULD'VE
KNOWN WE'D
NEVER LET
YOU GO OVER,
TINO!

LESS
GAB--
AND
MORE
CRACKS,
GUYS!

SOCK!

THUD!

CRAACK!!

THEY'RE
JUMPING
OFF!--
STOP
'EM!

TOO LATE!
THEY'VE
TAKEN THE
BIG STEP TO
THE BIG
SLEEP!

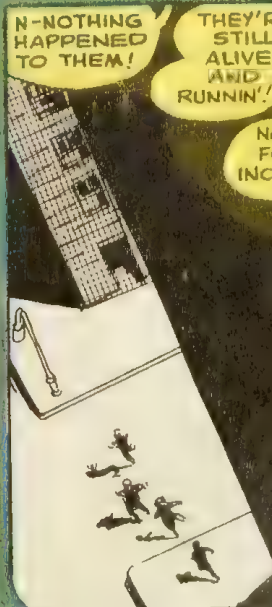
N-NOTHING
HAPPENED
TO THEM!

THEY'RE
STILL
ALIVE--
AND
RUNNIN'!

THERE'S
NO WORD
FOR IT BUT
INCREDIBLE!

DON'T STAND THERE GAWKING!
AFTER 'EM! WE'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHERE THEY CAME
FROM!

YEAH! MAYBE
THE SANDMAN'S
BAG!



SPLASH-- SPLASH--
SPLASH-- SPLASH--

THEY'RE NOT
COMING UP!
THEY'RE
STAYING
BELOW!
HOW CAN
THEY DO
THAT FOR
SO LONG?

WHAT ABOUT THE
SKIN-DIVIN' GEAR
OVER THERE?

YOU'RE ON THE BUTTON,
ROCKY! LET'S SUIT UP!

QUICK! INTO
THIS BOAT! WE'LL
FOLLOW 'EM!
THEY'VE GOT TO
COME UP TO THE
SURFACE!

REMEMBER TO
HOOK INTO YOUR
UNDERWATER
INTER-COMS SO
WE CAN PARLEY
IF WE HAVE TO!

WHAT FREAKISH EXPLANATION AWAITED THEM BELOW, NONE OF THE CHALLENGERS CAN ANTICIPATE,
BUT THE SIGHT PARALYZES THEIR LIPS UNTIL THEY CAN COLLECT THEIR THOUGHTS...

ONE OF OUR NUCLEAR
SUBS-- CAUGHT IN
HUGE TENTACLES!

WHERE DID THOSE
TENTACLES
COME FROM?

SUDDENLY, SINISTER SNOOT-NOSED SHAPES SLIDE SWIFTLY TOWARDS THEM...

TORPEDOES! THE CREW ABOARD MUST'VE PICKED US UP ON SONAR! FIGURED WE WERE HOSTILE! HAD SOME CONNECTION WITH WHAT WAS KEEPING IT TRAPPED DOWN HERE!

AND FIRED AT US!

SPLIT!

THEY MUST BE ATTRACTED TO OUR TANKS!

WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET AWAY FROM THEM!

THE TORPS ARE MAGNETIC!

ACE! RED! AM I LOSIN' MY MARBLES, OR DO YOU GUYS SEE IT, TOO? WHAT IS IT?

IT'S SHAPED LIKE AN AMOEBAA-- WITH THOSE GOONS SWIMMING IN AND OUT OF IT! ONLY ONE THING IT CAN BE--

AN ENORMOUS ALIEN BRAIN, CONJURING UP AN ATTACK AGAINST HUMAN BEINGS THROUGH THEIR DREAMS!



TAKE A DEEP
BREATH--AND
DROP YOUR
TANKS!



THERE GO THE
TORPS, LIKE
METAL HOMING
PIGEONS, RIGHT
AFTER THEM!

HEAD FOR THE
SURFACE-- WE'VE
GOT A LONG WAY
TO GO!



SUDDENLY, THE SEA
SEEMS TO TURN
UPSIDE DOWN AS A
THUNDEROUS ROAR
MINGLES WITH A GREAT
ERUPTION OF FLAME...
THE MASSIVE,
MARAUDING, HOSTILE
BRAIN IS RIPPED
APART...

WRRRAAAMMM!

ABRUPTLY, THE DREAM ENDS WITH THE OVERWHELMING EXPLOSION...

WELCOME BACK, ALL OF YOU! WHATEVER YOU DID-- WORKED-- THE DREAM'S OVER! ALL YOU SEE REGISTERING ARE ELECTRICAL IMPULSES FROM YOUR BRAINS... BECAUSE YOU'RE STILL ATTACHED TO THE SCREEN!

THE FUTURE? WHO CARES! RIGHT NOW, ALL I CAN THINK OF IS HITTING THE SACK-- AND DREAMING SWEET DREAMS FOR THE NEXT 24 HOURS!

IT'S BLANK NOW! BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE MAY COME TO FILL IT-- IN THE FUTURE!

THE END.

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THROUGH THE
EERIE SHADOWS
IN THE TWISTING
TUNNELS OF THE
ENDLESS
CAVERNS A
FIGURE WRITHES
IN FRENZIED
AGONY...

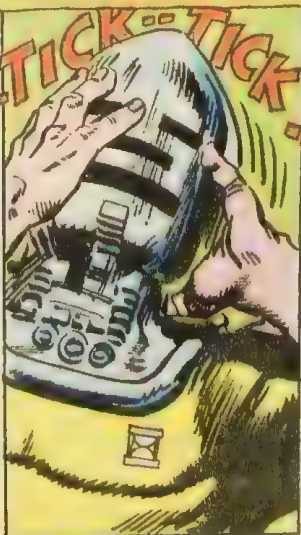
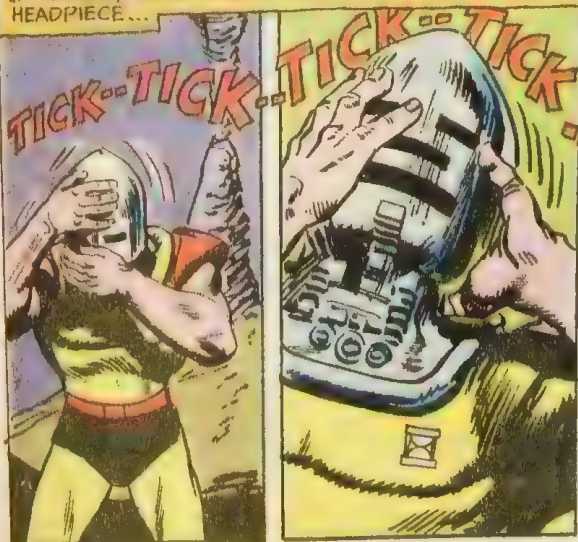
RED!--
PROF!-- ROCKY!
-- FOR THE SAKE
OF HEAVEN --
HELP ME!
HELP ME!

IT'S HIM!
IT'S
ACE!

BUT--LOOK!
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM!

ACE! WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

IN ANSWER, THERE IS ONLY AN OMINOUS TICKING, LIKE A RUNAWAY HEARTBEAT FROM THE GROTESQUE
HEADPIECE...



A HARSH, STRIDENT VOICE LASHES OUT LIKE A WHIP FROM BEHIND THE METAL MASK...

DON'T JUST STAND
THERE LIKE GOGGLING
SCARECROWS!

I'M A HUMAN TIME-BOMB!

TEAR ME LOOSE FROM
THIS INFERNAL MACHINE
--BEFORE IT GOES OFF!

TICK-TICK TICK-TICK TICK

OUT OF THEIR PARALYZING NIGHTMARE CATAPULT THE CHALLENGERS...

DON'T LOSE
YOUR COOL,
ACE!

WE'LL FREE
YOU-- SOMEHOW!

EVEN IF WE HAVE TO
BREAK OUR HANDS
DOIN' IT!

THUS BEGINS
THE SOUL-SEARING
DRAMA OF...

ACE: THE BEAST IN THE BOMB!

ART BY: JACK SPARLING
STORY BY: BOB KANIGHER

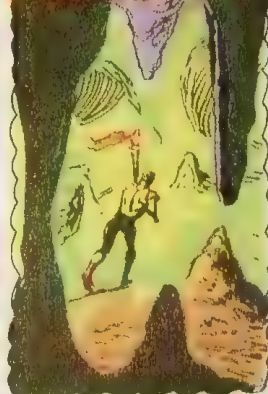
SCANT HOURS
AGO, THE
WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS
FEAR-FIGHTERS
WERE PROBING
THE SHADY
LABYRINTHIAN
PASSAGES
OF
ENDLESS
CAVERNS...

LET'S EACH EXPLORE
A DIFFERENT TUNNEL!
REPORT BACK HERE
IN HALF AN HOUR!
IF YOU'VE FOUND
ANYTHING INTERESTING
--LET US KNOW--AND
WE'LL GO BACK
WITH YOU!

IT SURE LOOKS
LIKE A SPOOK TOUR,
ACE!

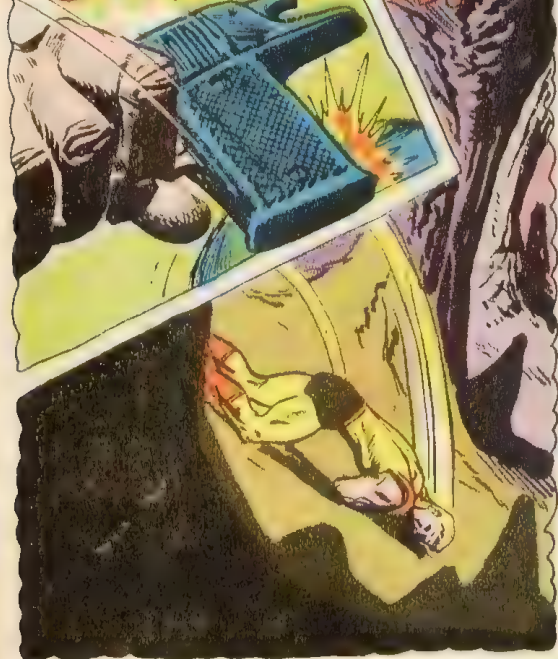
ONLY THE SINISTER ECHO OF THEIR FOOTFALLS FOLLOWED EACH...

THUD...THUD...THUD...THUD...THUD...THUD



SUDDENLY, FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SHADOWS...

CRAAACK!



A CADAVEROUS FACE GLARED DOWN AT HIM...

MY LONG WAIT
REWARDED! YOU, OF ALL
PEOPLE, THE LEADER OF
THE CHALLENGERS OF
THE UNKNOWN-- YOU
WALKED INTO MY TRAP,
LIKE AN UNSUSPECTING
FLY INTO A SPIDER'S
WEB!



SCANT HOURS
AGO, THE
WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS
FEAR-FIGHTERS
WERE PROBING
THE SHADOWY
LABYRINTHIAN
PASSAGES
OF
ENDLESS
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LIKE A SPOOK TOUR,
ACE!

ONLY THE SINISTER ECHO OF THEIR FOOTFALLS FOLLOWED EACH...

THUD--THUD THUD--THUD...THUD THUD



SUDDENLY, FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SHADOWS...

A CADAVEROUS FACE GLARED DOWN AT HIM...

CRAAACK!



MY LONG WAIT WAS
REWARDED! YOU, OF ALL
PEOPLE, THE LEADER OF
THE CHALLENGERS OF
THE UNKNOWN-- YOU
WALKED INTO MY TRAP,
LIKE AN UNSUSPECTING
FLY INTO A SPIDER'S
WEB!



LIKE A NIGHTMARISH MASK, THE OMINOUS TIME-BOMB WAS FASTENED ONTO THE HEAD OF THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE...

THE CITY
JEERED MY
FANTASTIC
INVENTIONS!
FORCED ME
TO FLEE TO
THIS REMOTE
MOUNTAIN
TOWN, WHERE
I COULD
ESCAPE THEIR
MOCKING
LAUGHTER!
TO HIDE
MY GENIUS!

NOW IT WILL EXPLODE
AGAINST THEM IN A WAY
THEY NEVER DREAMED OF!

THE TICKING OF THE INFERNAL BOMB BEGAN ITS FATAL COUNTDOWN...

TICK--TICK...TICK--TICK...TICK--TICK!

AND THE BEAUTY OF
MY PLAN--THE BITTER
IRONY OF IT--

--IS THAT THE
CHALLENGERS
THEMSELVES--

--WILL CAUSE THEIR OWN
CITY TO BE REDUCED
TO RUBBLE!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
YOU GUYS?
DEVELOPING
BUTTERFINGERS
WHILE MY
LIFE'S TICKING
AWAY!

THERE'S SOMETHIN'
SCREWY ABOUT THIS
SETUP! WE CAN'T
BUDGE THE BOMB!

BARE HANDS
WON'T DO IT--

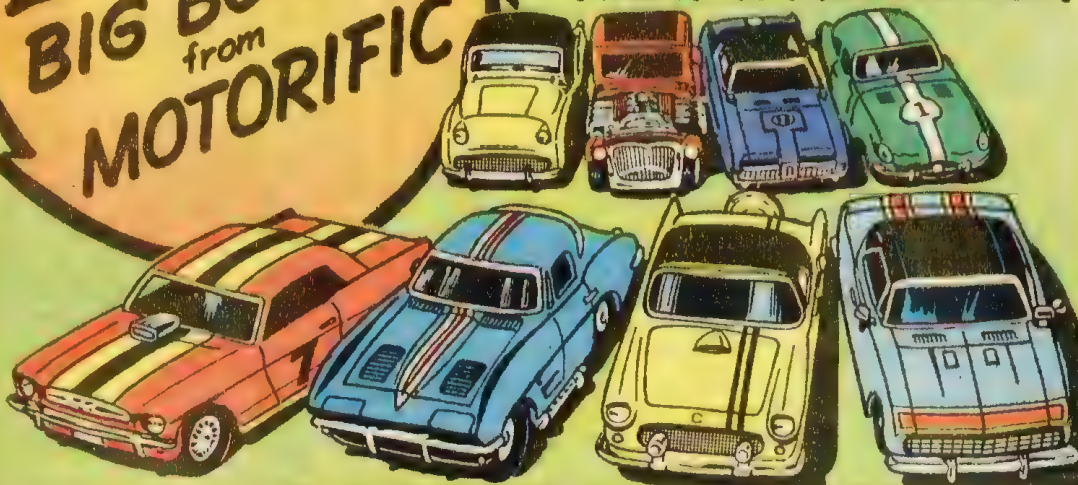
YEAH! MUSCLE ALONE WON'T
PULL IT OFF--WE NEED TOOLS!
I'LL GET 'EM FROM THE CAR
WE PARKED 'OUTSIDE!

TICK TICK TICK

CONTINUED ON 2nd PAGE FOLLOWING

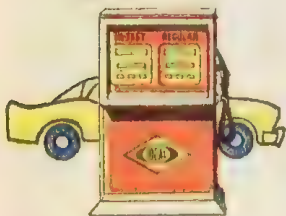
**EXTRA
EXTRA
BIG BONUS**
from
MOTORIFIC®

**BUY ANY OF THESE
CUSTOM, HOT MOTORIFIC
CARS, AND GET A
BONUS ACCESSORY--
RIGHT IN THE PACKAGE!**



BACK ROW : TRIUMPH TR-3 / FORD HOT ROD / MERCURY COUGAR / JAGUAR XKE FASTBACK
FRONT ROW : FORD MUSTANG / CORVETTE STING RAY / FORD T-BIRD CLASSIC / CHEVROLET CAMARO

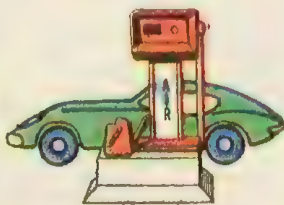
**CUSTOM CAR AND
GAS PUMP**



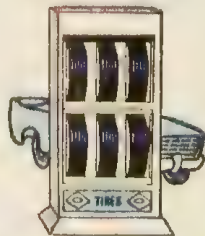
**CUSTOM CAR AND
OIL RACK**



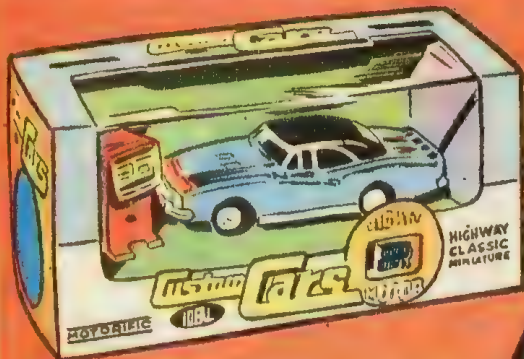
**CUSTOM CAR AND
AIR PUMP**



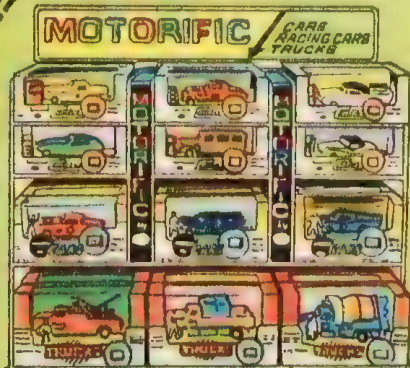
**CUSTOM CAR AND
TIRE RACK**



EACH SET COMES WITH THE CAR OF
YOUR CHOICE, THE NEW BONUS ACCESSORY,
AND A HIGH-TORQUE MOTORIFIC MOTOR.



**LOOK FOR THIS MOTORIFIC DISPLAY
CENTER AT YOUR FAVORITE TOY STORE
NOW!**



**IT'S MOTORIFIC, IT'S EXTRA
EXTRA TERRIFIC... IT'S**

IDEAL

AMIDST THE STEADY, STACCATO, THREATENING TICKING OF THE EXPLOSIVE, THE CHALLENGERS FEVERISHLY SET TO WORK...

ACE!— WHO BOOBYTRAPPED YOU?

SKRREEENNG

SOMEBODY SLUGGED ME FROM BEHIND— AND LOCKED THIS INFERNAL MACHINE IN PLACE!

WHRUNNG

SORRY, OL' BUDDY, IF WE'RE GIVIN' YOU AN EXCEDRIN HEADACHE!

KLANNG
KLANNG

TICK...TICK...TICK...

TICK...TICK...TICK...

TICK...TICK...TICK...

WHAT DO YOU FELLERS THINK YOU'RE DOING? FOOLING AROUND LIKE YOU HAD ALL NIGHT? IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?

COOL IT, ACE! WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH--

-- BUT DON'T YOU THINK WE'RE GOIN' OUT OF OUR COTTON-PICKIN' MINDS? WE'RE NOT GONNA CUT OUT ON YOU, PAL!

TICK TICK TICK TICK



SORRY, FELLERS!...
SOMETHING CAME
OVER ME... THIS
THING'S MAKING
ME LOSE MY
MARBLES...



IT'S THE BOMB!
IT'S CHANGING
YOU, ACE!

WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU
TO DOC STEVENS' IN THE
CITY! HE'LL EXAMINE YOU
TO CHECK OUT ANY DAMAGE
THE BOMBS CAUSING,
MENTAL OR PHYSICAL!

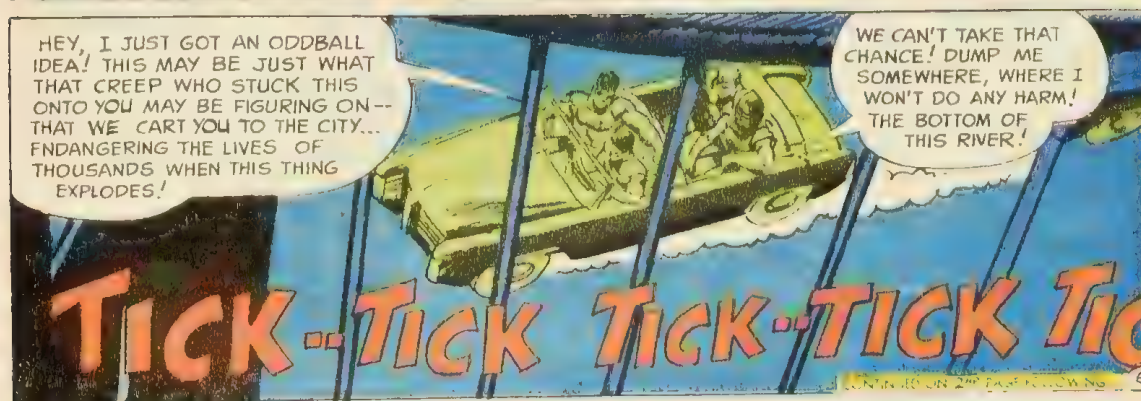


TIME'S RUNNING
OUT! THE THING
MAY BLOW ANY
MINUTE,
PROF!

WE'LL HAVE TO
RISK IT, ROCKY!

NO! LEAVE ME HERE! ROCKY'S
RIGHT-- WE DON'T KNOW WHEN
IT'LL GO OFF! GET OUT OF HERE,
ALL OF YOU, WHILE THERE'S
STILL TIME!

FORGET IT, CHUM!
NOW, **MOVE!**



HEY, I JUST GOT AN ODDBALL
IDEA! THIS MAY BE JUST WHAT
THAT CREEP WHO STUCK THIS
ONTO YOU MAY BE FIGURING ON--
THAT WE CART YOU TO THE CITY...
ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF
THOUSANDS WHEN THIS THING
EXPLODES!

WE CAN'T TAKE THAT
CHANCE! DUMP ME
SOMEWHERE, WHERE I
WON'T DO ANY HARM!
THE BOTTOM OF
THIS RIVER!

ACE PUT IT RIGHT!
WE'D BE RESPONSIBLE
FOR THOUSANDS OF
INNOCENT LIVES--
WHEN HE BLOWS!
I'M AGAINST IT, BUT
MAYBE WE OUGHTTA
DO LIKE HE
SAYS!

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, ROCKY!

WE EITHER LEAVE HIM TO
DIE--OR TAKE HIM TO THE
DOC, WHO MIGHT HELP US FREE
HIM. EVEN IF WE ENDANGER ALL
THOSE PEOPLE! HOW DO WE
VOTE?

TICK--TICK TICK--TICK TICK--TICK

I SAY LET'S TAKE A CHANCE
AND GO ON!... PROF?

I'M WITH
YOU, RED!
HOW
ABOUT
YOU,
ROCKY?

I'LL MAKE IT
UNANIMOUS!

TICK TICK TICK

TICK TICK TICK

TICK TICK

WHAT IF THE
DOC AIN'T
IN?

BITE YOUR
TONGUE, YOU
BIG LUG!

TICK--TICK--TICK
TICK--TICK--TICK

GOOD
HEAVENS!

HE'S A HUMAN TIME-BOMB, DOC! HE CAN DETONATE ANY
MINUTE. WE THOUGHT SOMEBODY HERE MIGHT HELP US
GET THIS OFF HIM--AND THEN YOU COULD EXAMINE ACE
TO SEE IF HE SUFFERED ANY BAD EFFECTS. WILL
YOU HELP US?

TICK--TICK--TICK--TICK--TICK

LET ME EXAMINE HIM--
ONLY TAKE A MINUTE...
A DOUBLE HEARTBEAT!
NO-- IT ISN'T! THE BOMB
AND ACE'S HEART ARE
BEATING IN UNISON--AS
IF THEY'RE CONNECTED TO
EACH OTHER!

THE HEART IS
ACTIVATING THE
BOMB!

IF THAT BOMB COULD BE MADE
TO STOP BEATING, IT WOULDN'T
GO OFF! IS THERE ANY WAY
TO STOP ACE'S HEART, SO
THE BOMB COULD STOP, TOO?

TICK-TICK
THUD-THUD TICK-TICK

IN ANSWER, ACE IS READIED FOR A UNIQUE EXPERIMENT...

WE'LL LOWER HIS
TEMPERATURE WITH
ICE TO SUCH A
DEGREE THAT HE'LL
BE IN A STATE OF
SUSPENDED
ANIMATION UNTIL
HIS HEARTBEAT
IS BARELY AUDIBLE
--LITERALLY,
ALMOST
STOPPING!

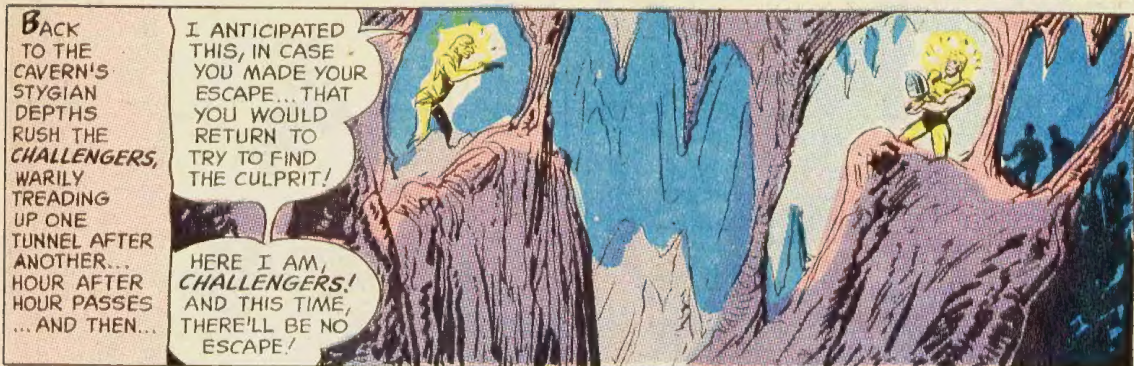
TICK-TICK THUD-THUD TICK-TICK

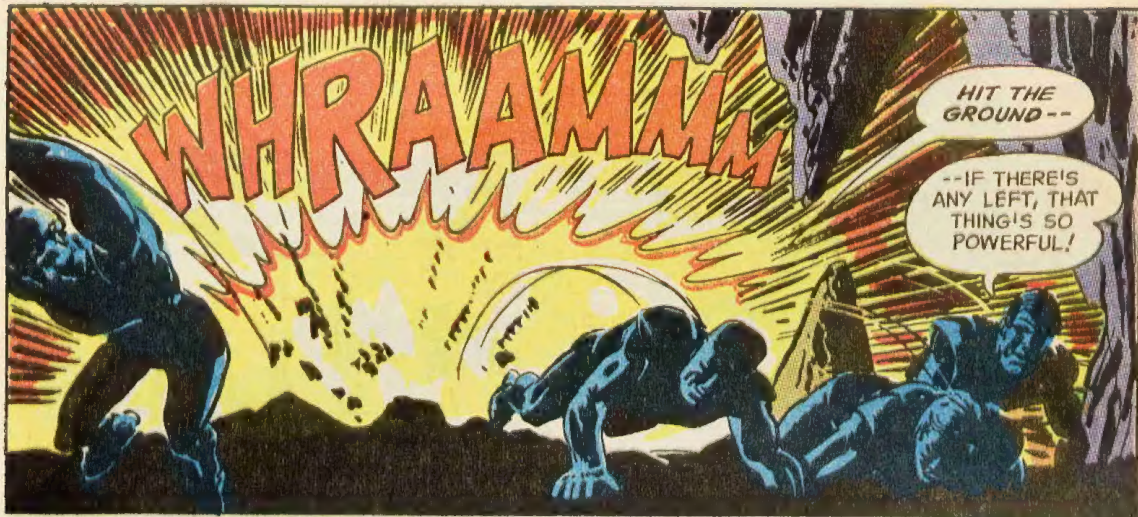
ACE'S
HEARTBEAT
IS SLOWING
UP! SO'S
THE BOMB'S
TICKING!

TICK... THUD T-I-C-K THUD

FINALLY...

I CAN BARELY DETECT A
HEARTBEAT! AND THE BOMB--
THE BOMB--HAS STOPPED!





HIT THE GROUND --

--IF THERE'S ANY LEFT, THAT THING'S SO POWERFUL!



HEY, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT? IT ONLY ZAPPED THAT CREEP!

YEAH, WE MISCALCULATED! WE THOUGHT THAT BOMB WOULD ENDANGER THE CITY... KILL THOUSANDS!

BUT IT WOULD'VE SOCKED IT ONLY TO--ME!

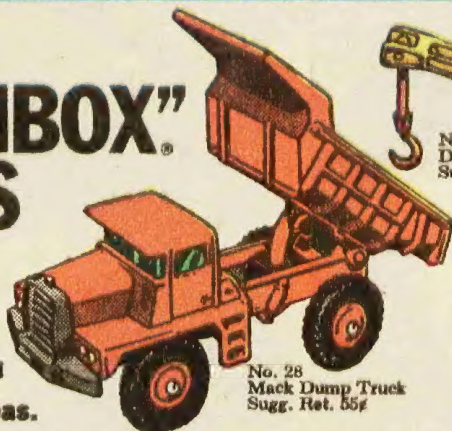


WHOEVER PUT THE BEAST IN THE BOMB... FORGOT... THAT SOONER OR LATER... IT HAS TO COME OUT... AND TURN UPON -- HIM!

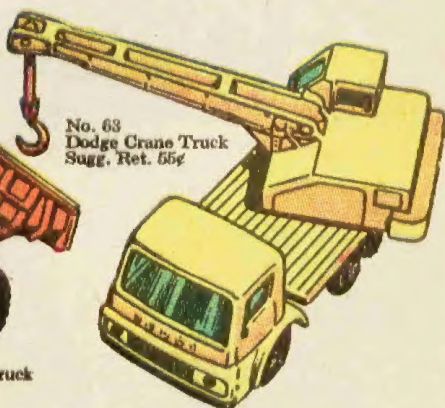
THE END

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